

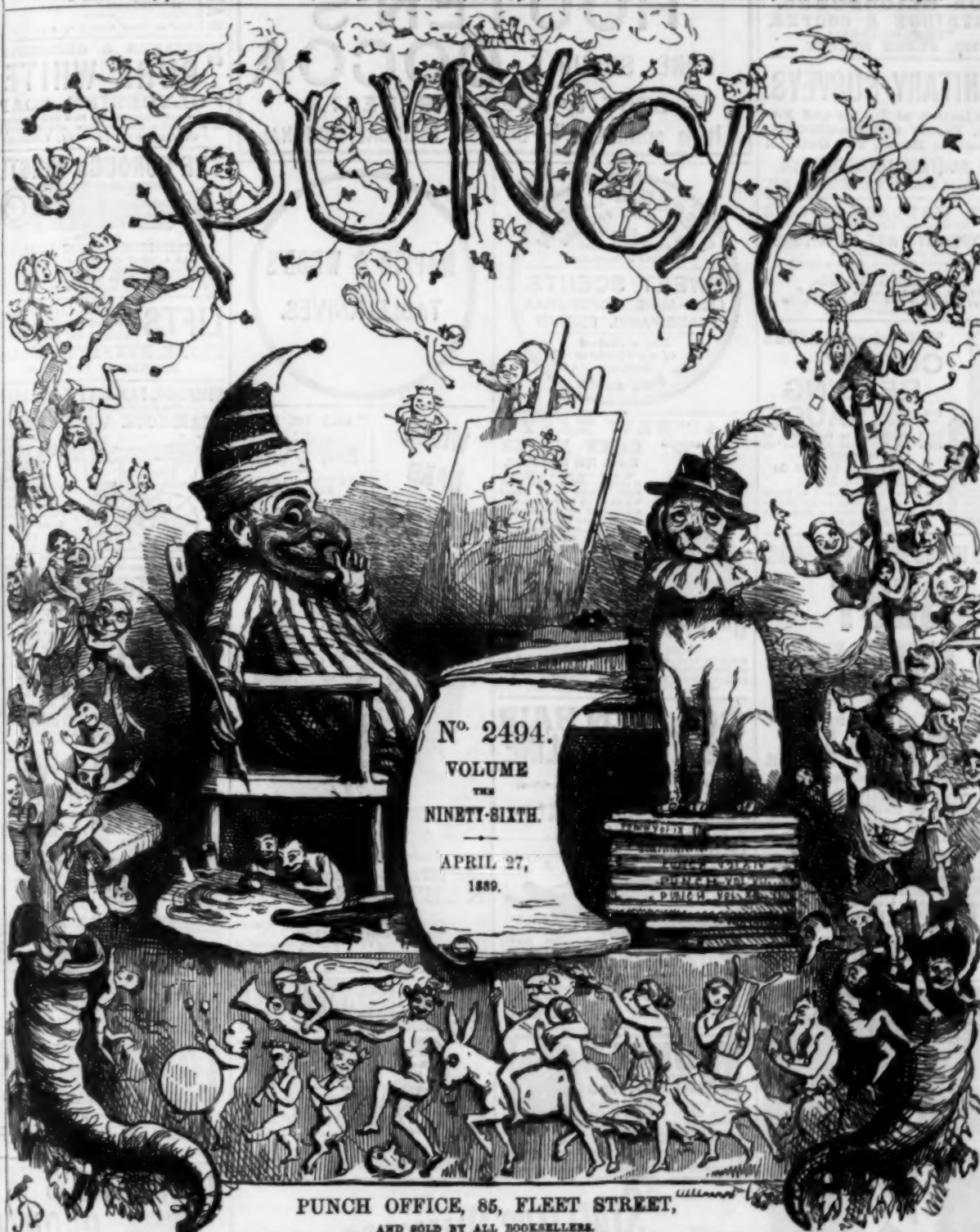
MR. PUNCH'S  
**Victorian Era**  
 1000 CARTOONS.  
 3 Fine Vols., price 42s.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS"  
**Birthday Book.**  
*Choicely Printed, Elegantly Bound, 3s. 6d.*  
 (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., & P. 10, BOUVERIE ST., E.C.)

MR. PUNCH'S  
**M.P.'s in Session**  
 By HARRY FURNISS.  
 5s. Boards; 6s. Cloth, Gilt Edges.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
 AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

**Apollinaris**

*The filling at the Apollinaris Spring  
 amounted to 11,894,000 bottles in 1887,  
 and 12,720,000 bottles in 1888.*

The most Romantic Story of the day.  
**PUCK'S** New Novel  
Mrs. R. H. GRAHAM  
ONE SHILLING.  
All Bookstalls.  
OLLEY, Bazaar.

**"OUR NEIGHBOURS."**  
PARTRIDGE & COOPER,  
"THE" STATIONERS,  
100, FLEET STREET.

**SANITARY SURVEYS.**  
Examination of Drains and Fittings, Report and Specification, for London House, Two Guineas.  
**THE SANITARY ENGINEERING CO.,**  
65, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

**WM. WALLACE & CO.'S**  
NEW BOOK OF DESIGNS OF  
**INEXPENSIVE ART FURNITURE**  
Post Free on application.  
The best house in London for Cash buyers.  
**WM. WALLACE & CO.,**  
Art Furnishers and Decorators,  
101, 102, and 103, CANTON ROAD, E.C.  
All goods carriage paid to any station in the Kingdom.



**TIME tries all THINGS**  
**COCK'S**  
**READING**  
**SAUCE**  
Has stood the test of time.  
First introduced to the Public in 1750. It this year celebrates its Centenary.  
For 100 Years it has been the BEST FISH SAUCE.  
The Genuine is Protected by Trade Mark, viz. CHARLES COCK'S Signature, on a White Ground, across the Reading Arms.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

**THE BEST**  
**FOOD**  
FOR  
**INFANTS.**

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,**  
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**FLOR DE JAVA**  
MILD INDIAN CIGARS  
of an exquisitely choice flavour and delicate aroma.  
25s., 50s., and 10s. per Box of 100, Post Free.  
Samples, 6 and 8 for 1s. (14 stamps).  
**BEWLAY & CO.,**  
49, Strand, and 143, Cheapside.  
(Agents for Great Britain.)

**PETER F. HEERING'S**  
**COPENHAGEN**  
**GOLD MEDAL**  
**CHERRY BRANDY**  
ESTABL. 1818.

**'K'**  
**BOOTS.**

**VAN HOUTEN'S**  
PURE SOLUBLE **COCOA**  
BEST & GOES FARTHEST.  
"It is admirable."—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

**PIESSE & LUBIN**  
from every flower that breathes a fragrance.  
**SWEET SCENTS**  
LIGN-ALOE. OPOPONAX  
FRANGIPANNI. PSIDIMUM  
May be obtained of any Chemist or Perfumer.  
2 New Bond Street London

The **"NEW EASY"**  
**LAWN MOWER**  
Has an Open Steel Roller.  
A man can work a 24-inch machine, cutting grass 3 in. high. There is no cedar working, no better finished, no stronger, no more durable Mower in the market.  
To be obtained through all the leading Lawnmower or Reapers, or from the Sole Importers—  
**Gally, Sonenthal & Co.,**  
85, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

**DR. PACET, Surgeon Dentist,**  
**445, STRAND**  
(Facing Charing Cross Station).  
Artificial Teeth without Plates. Perfect imitations of the Natural Teeth. Artistic, painless, and perfect. Most moderate fees. Consultations free daily. Illustrated Pamphlet post free.

**GOLDEN HAIR**  
**ROBARE'S AUREOLINE**  
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.  
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.  
Agents: H. NOVENDEN & SONS,  
51 and 52, MARK LANE, W., and 91-95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

A PLEASURE TO USE. Never Requires Grinding.  
**REGISTERED**  
Mr. H. H. Javins writes: "I find your razors excellent." In Case, complete. Black Handle, 4/6; Ivory Handle, 7/6.  
**KROPP**  
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 51, Fritch St., Soho Sq., Lond., W.

**NUBIAN**  
LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING  
No friction required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, in boots, shoes, harness and leather articles, which last a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off, and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
**TABLE KNIVES.**

**WILLS' HARD ENAMELS**  
"HOLD THE FIELD" FOR HARDNESS, BRILLIANCY, AND PURITY OF COLOUR.  
NO BRUSH MARKS. NON-INJURIOUS.  
**SAMUEL WILLS & CO.,**  
ENAMEL AND VARNISH WORKS, BRISTOL.



**For INFANTS & Young Children, NESTLE'S FOOD**  
IS UNEQUALLED.  
Babies reared on it thrive and grow strong. Digested as easily as Mother's Milk. The Food, a Fine Day Food, partly composed of Milk, is instantly made ready for use by the simple addition of water.

**ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT**  
PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce 2 to 5 lb. a week; acts on the food in stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by all Chemists.  
Send stamp for pamphlet.  
**Botanic Medicine Co., 3 New Oxford St., W.C.**

**NAIN, N.B.**  
A FAVOURITE SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORT.  
"CLIMATE, DAIRY IN BRITAIN."  
Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Boating, &c.  
For particulars as to Hotels, Houses to let, &c., apply at FLETCHER'S LIBRARY, or "TELEGRAPH" OFFICE, NAIN.  
Half an Hour from INVERNESS, N.B.

**WHITAKER & GROSSMITH'S**  
**"PURE WHITE"**  
**GLYCERINE SOAP**  
Softens and Preserves the Skin and Complexion of the Face, Grocers, Butchers, or direct, post free, 25, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

**THE BOROUGH WHISTLE**  
Half Size.  
A PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS.  
HAS A MOST PENETRATING TONE.  
For Police, Gamekeepers, Cyclists, and Ladies in the Country. Price 1s. 6d.; 2 post free, 1s. 5d.  
**R. C. OSBORNE & SON, New St., Birmingham.**

**LIFTS**  
LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c.  
For HOTELS, MANIONS, &c.  
DINING and INVALID LIFTS.  
**CLARK, BUNNETT & CO., Lim.,**  
RATHBONE PLACE, W.

**SIMPSON, FAWCETT & CO., LEEDS,**  
Manufacturers of the Patent No. 1  
**HAMMOCK WOODENETTE,**  
Suspended by  
**FOUR LEATHER STRAPS**  
from the two handles. The best PERAMBULATOR in the world. Don't be persuaded to take any other.  
FROM ALL DEALERS.

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER**  
Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves and Cures Severe Colds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joint, and Limbs, and all Nervous and Rheumatic Pains. Any Chemist can supply it at 1/4 and 2/6 per bottle.

**TORPID LIVER**  
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Diarrhoea, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue, Pain in the Side, and Headache. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Flies. The smallest and easiest to take. Beware of cheap imitations. Do not give or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1842. Standard Pill of the United States. In place at 1s. 1/4. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.  
**SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL FEE.**  
Illustrated Pamphlet free.  
British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

**FOR ASTHMA & C DATURA TATULA**  
FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.  
**SAVORY & MOORE, London,**  
And of Chemists everywhere.

**ROWLAND'S ODONTO**  
Is the best TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the Teeth, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath; contains no acid or gritty substance. Ask anywhere for ROWLAND'S ODONTO.

**STREETERS' DIAMONDS**  
MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000  
**18 NEW BOND ST., W.**





BALFOUR ON HIS BATTERING-RAM.

## A HASTIE JUDGMENT.

*By a Vindictive Victim of the Law's Delay.*

[Mr. HASTIE, at the April meeting of the Incorporated Law Society, is reported to have said that the confidence of the public in the members of his profession had been "greatly shaken."]

GREATLY shaken? Not a bit!

'Tis a statement of the oddest.

HASTIE must be slow of wit,

And he's very much too modest.

"Confidence," a Statesman said,

"Is a plant of growth most tardy."

But when once established

'Tis perennial, and hardy.

Confidence in Lawyers? Pooh!

That tree ne'er firm root has taken.

And a tree that *never* grew,  
Surely, surely can't be "shaken."

## SUPERSTITION AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

—Is it the duty of the Government to keep a House on Friday night? This question has probably been raised by some representative of an enlightened constituency who believes Friday to be an unlucky day.

## Free—but not Easy.

FREE Schools may be a blessing to the Nation,  
But in these days of fads and fiddle-de-dee,  
Punch fancies that the best "Free Education"  
Is that which teaches Britons to be free.

## A-RANTING WE WILL GO.

POLITICAL HUNTING SONG FOR THE SEASON.

(A long way after Henry Fielding.)

AIR—"A-Hunting we will go."

THE dusky night begins to fly,  
And brighter grows the morn;  
The Party wants a winning Cry  
To help exalt its horn.

So a-ranting we will go-o-o,  
A-ranting we will go!  
It is the mode, to Party owed  
And a-ranting we will go.

Cool sense the Spouter may oppose,  
Sweet Spring may beg his stay:  
"Good Sir, the early primrose blows.  
You will not rant to-day!"

But a-ranting he will go, &c.

Listeners to rant in yonder hall  
Secure to find we'll seek;  
For why, they shouted, great and small,  
At the same rant last week.

So a-ranting we will go, &c.

Away he goes, before the rout,  
Whose ears for tickling itch.  
He throws them in, he throws them out;  
He leaves them in the ditch.

But a-ranting they will go, &c.

At length his twaddle, threadbare worn,  
He stops. They yell delight.  
He bows, and swears—with secret scorn—  
He'll spout another night.

For a-ranting he must go-o-o,

A-ranting he must go.  
In all the mode, to Party owed,  
And a-ranting he must go.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No book sells better than the volume of short stories, or the collection of essays and descriptive papers, and yet for years past publishers have refused to let us have them, and have dosed us with three volumes of twaddle or unreadable polemical novels. It is a satisfaction to find the providers of literary food are beginning to see the error of their ways, and to be convinced that the British Public must, before anything else, be amused. They will get plenty of amusement out of Mr. WILLIAM HENDERSON'S *Clues*, which consists of nine stories derived from a Chief Constable's notebook. The author ought to know something of his subject, seeing he is now Chief Constable of Edinburgh, that he occupied a similar post at Leeds, and was formerly Chief Inspector of the Detective Department at Manchester and Glasgow. Each story is, in the main, a reproduction of facts, and they have that reality and interest which facts alone can give. The Chief Constable of Edinburgh has arrested our attention; we are unable to move on, for we have found listening to his entertaining recitals anything but hard labour.



That none but an Irishman can write Irish songs is pretty generally accepted. This axiom receives further proof—if proof were needed—

in Mr. ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES' *Father O' Flynn and other Irish Lyrics*. This book which consists of a choice selection of the author's previous volumes printed in a cheap and handy form, cannot fail to be popular. It contains well-nigh sixty poems full of grace and endless in variety, and above all a "go," a spirit and a National flavour that none but an Irish bard could accomplish.

Those who are in search of a weird and gruesome tale dramatically told cannot do better than turn to MARION CRAWFORD'S latest effort, *Griefenstein*. I can confidently recommend it. It is a grim but very powerful bit of work.

Those who know ZOLA only from such works as *La Terre*, *Nana*, and so forth, should take the trouble to read his *Le Récit*. The trouble after the first few chapters will soon be a pleasure, and the pleasure will soon be increased and intensified as progress is made with the story. The style of the descriptions throughout, though at first sight as tedious as those of WALTER SCOTT'S to a modern go-a-head novel-reader, will gradually force even the most knowing skipper to retrace his steps, and go over the ground deliberately. The author's characteristic insistence on details would be blameable did it tend to diminish the interest which he has created in the central figures; but, as it does not do so, it is masterly. Altogether the work is a beautiful study of a lovely life, as far exalted above ordinary types as, let us hope, some of the lives in his other works are exceptionally below them. The last scene of all is a grand conception, sweet in harmony, rich in tone, powerful in design and execution. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Terre*, says,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## THE GRAND TOUR À LA MODE; OR, EX-KING MILAN PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.



O MILDEST of Monarchs, and purest,  
They tell us you 've turned a Cook's Tourist.  
'Tis not a bad "tip"  
For Crowns on the slip,  
And Thrones that seem scarce the securest.

Great Princes of old, on the wing,  
Considered it rather the thing  
To take in their train  
The great *Chef* of their reign;  
But, lo! now 'tis the Cook takes the King.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—*Lena* produced at the Variétés, with SARA BERNHARDT in the part that Mrs. BERNARD BEERE created here in *As in a Looking Glass*! The very title suggests reflection. Evidently SARA "saw herself" in the part. She is quite right to play *Lena* in French, as she could never be *Leaner* in English.

"UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"—The Guards, under the able leadership of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in wig, gown, and full regimentals, have "upped" and had at 'em, and defeated the Queen Anne's Mansion-Household troops. Judge KEEWICH thinks that Light Infantry can't have too much light for their devotional exercises in Chapel. The height of these new houses is simply the height of absurdity.

## A RUMINATION.

BY A LOAFER OF NATURE.

How vainly men with toil themselves amaze  
To justify their scanty holidays.  
Far happier he who, when he will, can range  
And find a holiday in every change.  
'Tis early spring, and, weary of the town,  
Where bricks and mortar keep their wintry

frown,  
I seek the waking woods, the meadows fair  
Where countless larks are taking boundless

air.  
The creaking waggon half a mile away  
Sounds through the stillness of the hazy day,  
And cocks clear-crowing from the dwindled

stack  
Recall the legends of the House of Jack.

Like living boulders, in the sweet thick turf,  
Where daisies break the green in soundless

surf,  
Whisking with lary tails the flies away,  
The kine enjoy their livelong holiday.  
Along the sloping field the shining share  
Turns the rich earth to the rejoicing air;  
The smallest fretting of each pencil'd spray  
Shows clear against sun-saturated grey,  
Which waits, light-laden, till a breeze comes

by  
To spill the sunlight all about the sky.  
Like blotting-paper of serener spheres  
Earth soaks the sunshine as the heaven clears,  
And in the clean new light the dazzling ducks  
Quack glad Amens to April's *Fiat Lux*!

At early dawn's unseasonable hour  
The legion-sparrow tests his vocal pow'r,  
Pierces with myriad chirp the sleeping ear,  
And scares his breakfast, if First Worms  
could hear.

Strange that the rural sun should rise so long  
Before the kettle tunes its matin song;  
Yet I forgive the choristers in brown,  
And revel in the thought, "I'm out of town!"

Now the maturer day the mind invites  
To ponder pleasantly on past delights.  
Here is the left, where spite of heave and

choke,  
On wet half-holidays we used to smoke.  
There is the pond, with downy willows girt,  
Wherein we often fell and took no hurt;  
There on still nights a paper fleet would float,  
An end of candle burning in each boat;  
Then flew the pebbles from the threaten'd  
shore,  
Till the frail navy sunk to rise no more.

Then in each brook and tree for miles around  
Playmates in feathers or in fur we found,  
Studied their ways; and, braving broken

bones, [stones;  
Bore off the eggs, and stock'd the nests with  
Set the briar terrier on the bright-eyed rat,  
And hurled the javelin at the flying cat,  
Caught in brick traps the warblers of the

wood, [them good.  
Cooked them *impromptu*, and pronounced  
Oh, vivid joys of youth! Maturer age  
Sighs at the ashes of that noble rage,  
Leans on the gate, and hears the fragrant

kine [dine.  
Breathe frequent grace, while they unceasing  
While long-legged lambs their patient mothers

tease,  
Or crop the grass devoutly on their knees.  
Though now a song can close at hand be heard,  
Nor raise a frantic wish to catch the bird,  
Grant sun and shade, and 'tis enough for me,  
Like the unharass'd kine to browse, and be!

"It was entirely an afterthought," said  
dear old Mrs. K., "or as the French say quite  
an *area-pansey*."



## VICARIOUS!

(On the Underground Railway.)

*Irascible Old Gentleman (who is just a second too late). "CONFOUND AND D—!"*

*Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it). "OH, THANK YOU, SO MUCH!"*

## THERE AND BACK. (ON THE CHEAP.)

SIR.—I trust you will not think that I am trespassing too much on your valuable space when I tell you that I am at present engaged on a scheme whereby, in conjunction with a Committee of earnest and active Philanthropists, I hope to be able to furnish an opportunity to a large number of unemployed East-end Loafers, Ticket-of-Leave Men, Lunatic Paupers, and others whose circumstances would not admit of their finding funds themselves for the purpose, of paying a fortnight's visit to Paris, and of witnessing the Exhibition and all the other famed sights which have made the French capital the very centre and focus of all intellectual and recreative pleasure. We calculate that there will be some fourteen or fifteen thousand of these worthy fellows anxious to avail themselves of the chance we propose to offer them, and we are at the present moment in the process of preliminary negotiation with the various Railway Companies, Hotel Proprietors, and other official intermediaries, with a view to providing for their transit and accommodation, and for those other little extra privileges upon which we calculate to make the trip a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Our final programme is not yet fully drawn out, but, roughly speaking, it may be taken to be much as follows:—The charge per head will be £1 5s. For this sum we hope to provide First-class Railway and Boat journey to Paris and back; superior accommodation in handsomely-furnished apartments, including breakfast, luncheon and dinner at the *table d'hôte* at either the *Grand* or *Continental* Hotels, or at some equally unexceptionable and thoroughly high-class establishment; an invitation to a State Banquet at the British Embassy, with entry each night to a *fauteuil d'orchestre* in one of the leading theatres, use of a two-horse *coiture de remise*, and free admission to the Exhibition, including a champagne luncheon on the top of the Eiffel Tower. We also mean to throw in a forty-franc dinner (exclusive of wine) at *Bignon's*, or at some other first-class Restaurant, in the belief that the experience will be found useful as a means of throwing some light on the social problems which will naturally present themselves for solution to the casual tourist who, it may be supposed, is probably visiting Paris for the first time, and is probably a stranger to this phase of French social existence.

We have not yet absolutely concluded any of the above arrangements, but we trust to your kindness to give the scheme publicity in your columns. AN EAST END INCUBUS.



## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## THIRTEENTH EVENING.

"I saw a small country village in a great state of excitement the other afternoon," said the Moon. "I should think there were as many as twenty people in the main street—all talking at once. A monkey belonging to some travelling Italians had broken loose, and



caused a universal panic. It had bitten the plumber's baby, and tried to bite the postmistress's leg; it had flown through back gardens and over cottage roofs, screeching and gibbering like some malevolent imp—no one felt safe. One old maid, with great presence of mind had shut up her cat and kitten in the best parlour, and hidden herself upstairs under the bed: the only policeman had been sent for in a hurry. And the cause of all this commotion had escaped to a small knoll of gorse-covered common above the village, where several of the bolder spirits had pursued it. Some of them were armed with fire-irons, and one of them carried a large cotton umbrella as a shield, and they came cautiously on, while the monkey (which was quite a small one, and almost as much frightened, as they were) ran on a little ahead, stopping occasionally to look back and chatter its teeth at them—when they stopped too. The village carpenter, who was famous as a local wag, had brought his saw, and every now and then would prance at the animal, and brandish his saw in comic defiance. One of the Italians, an old woman, did not understand that he was only pretending, and went on her knees to him, clasping her hands and imploring him in her voluble tongue not to cut off the monkey's head. And when she did this, the carpenter only pranced the more, while the village people, looking on in safety from the road below, guffawed heartily, and declared that 'TOMMY was better nor play-acting—darn them, if he weren't!' Then the monkey ran off into the wood, and I lost sight of it. But, later in that evening, I saw a little procession going down the street. First came the village constable, looking very stern and majestic, for he had never had a case of this importance to deal with before, with his hand on the shoulder of the monkey's master, an elderly Italian, who seemed to expect nothing less than instant execution. Behind came the old woman, weeping and gesticulating and protesting all at once, and, after her, a tail of jeering boys, who kept at a safe distance, for fear the monkey—which had come back obediently on hearing its master's voice—should break loose again. The only quite unconcerned person in the party was the monkey itself, which was huddled, snug and contented, inside the Italian's coat, where it seemed very thankful to be back again. I do hope they were not separated, for it was not a savage animal naturally—only the children had been teasing it so all day. But it happened to be cloudy that evening, and for many evenings after that," said the Moon, "so I never knew what was actually done to the unfortunate monkey."

## DUE SOUTH.

St. Peter's—Solvitur Ambulando—Masonry—Ways and Means—  
"Bock Agen"—Monte Carlo—London.

THE size of St. Peter's! I mentally compare it with everything big I have ever seen. JOHNNIE, having partially recovered his self-possession and the use of his voice, says, "Look here, I'll step it. I measured my back drawing-room for a billiard table by stepping it, and so I can easily get an idea of its size." He at once sets to work in order to give practical effect to his theory of measurement, and he sets about it with as much care, caution, and "strict attention to business," as if he were giving an imitation of a man walking on a tight-rope without a balancing-pole. After three attempts, each of which signally fails, on account of his inability to preserve a straight line, when he, as it were, topples off his imaginary rope, comes to the ground, and loses his reckoning up to that point, he gives it up, shakes his head solemnly, and says, "Oh, it's enormous! Why, St. Paul's is nowhere compared with this!" I recall to mind the monumental effigies in St. Paul's, any one of which is a doll by the side of any one of the figures in St. Peter's. And then the London grubbiness of St. Paul's, its dinginess, its lecture-room benches crowding the centre, and its chilly dreariness; whereas here all is space, colour, light and life. Glorious! Everyone knows, by hearsay at all events, about the size of those chubby little boys who support the holy-water stoups at the entrance. Come up close, and though you are perfectly prepared for a surprise, yet your astonishment is not a whit the less at finding the stoups baths, and the little boys

a couple of giants. I can scarcely believe my eyes, but so it is, and JOHNNIE and myself are never tired of walking up to these deceptive full-grown cherubs, coming on them unexpectedly as it were, and patting them on the hands and arms to ascertain whether



they are playing us any trick, and whether they are the Anakin they seem. Yes, there is a deception; it is the deception of perfect proportion. Every day we go into St. Peter's, but these happy-looking baby-giants exercise an unaccountable fascination over us, and on our last visit we are quite sad at the idea of leaving them behind, but being unable to take them with us, we pat the backs of these chubby Broddingnagians, and bid them affectionately good-bye. And the last *souvenir* of St. Peter's that will remain indelibly in my memory, is the sweet-tempered smile on the faces of the two giant-babies—the holy—"water Babies"—nearest our door of exit craning towards us, saying as plainly as dumb action can speak, "We should so like to come with you, only we can't leave you come and see us again; you'll find us here, always on duty, —don't forget."

Pouring rain. The streets of London not "in it" with those of Rome for slosh and mud. Here in this museum of antiquities, the home of classic Art and ancient frescoes, the principal mural decoration that catches my eye at almost every turn is that charming picture of a fine and fascinating *decolletée* female, with yellow hair streaming down her back,—the fair one with the golden locks,—so well known to all Londoners as the pictorial advertisement of Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer. This, apparently, is the most striking fresco in the City of the Popes and Caesars, but, as the Caesars are defunct, they can't interfere; and, as the POPE's daily constitutional is unconstitutionally limited to the Vatican grounds, His Holiness possibly, is not aware how the city is being vulgarised. Yet the obtrusive presence of this leering woman representing Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer on the walls of the Eternal City, does recall to my mind a proverbial saying which seems peculiarly applicable in this instance; namely, "See Rome and dye."

The truth of another proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day," is borne in upon us with irresistible force at every turn. "Rome built in a day!" cries JOHNNIE. "Why, they're at it now!" BALBUS and CAIUS, who were always building walls, by way of Latin exercise, in our youth, are still at it, still building Rome in A.U.C. 2640. They're making quite a new Rome—a Hausmannish Rome—of it. In another ten years Rome will possess splendid streets (at least I am inartistic enough to hope so), and ample pavement (also my sincere wish), and in its main thoroughfares it will be as like Paris as the BALBI and CAII, carrying out their orders and contracts, can make it.

"Masonry" is condemned at Rome," says JOHNNIE, "and so it ought to be, until the streets are widened, and pavement-makers have been set to work."

"It's wonderfully picturesque, though," I say, referring to the oldgate, old streets, old walls, and old houses.

"Very," returns JOHNNIE, coming cautiously out of a dark hole in a wall where a small Roman greengrocer carries on his trade, and in which JOHNNIE has taken refuge from the dangerous proximity of a recklessly-driven cab; "only I do object to there being no pavement for foot-passengers."

As to the environs, on a pouring day like this, we might as well be walking in a ploughed field. Fortunately we don't attempt it, and having hired a Roman car with a hood and apron, we are driven to "St. Paul's outside the Walls,"—"I thought it couldn't be 'without the Walls,'" says JOHNNIE, "or how on earth could it stand up?"—which is almost as great a wonder as St. Peter's.

During our short stay, we see everything that is possible to be seen in the time; but JOHNNIE is thoroughly upset by the fact of not being permitted to smoke after breakfast and dinner in the restaurant of the hotel, and what with the heat of our bed-room, which is next to the kitchen chimney, the noise of the street at night, and the almost incessant rain, he is dissatisfied with everything—except a dinner at the *Caffè di Roma*, and the *chianti* in a magnum flask—and anxious to return as soon as possible to Monte Carlo, and so home.

We take a walk on the Pincio, and delight in the view. In these



Balbus and Caius, A.D. 1889.

gardens there are so many ecclesiastics of all sorts, sizes, and ages, and such a large proportion of them evidently only students, that I am forcibly reminded of the College grounds of Cambridge or Oxford in term time. The youths are enjoying themselves with all the soberness that characterises such reading men at either University as affect their cap and gown at all times, even when taking their constitutional. I suppose if one of these Roman students is out without his academics, there is no Roman Proctor and Bulldogs to stop him and ask him for his name and college, and then fine him six-and-eightpence.

Cabs are wonderfully cheap in Rome. In order to compete with the recently-introduced omnibuses and tram-cars, the cab-proprietors have reduced their tariff to half-a-franc for a course, "but," says JOHNNIE, cheering up a bit, "no one gives less than a franc as a matter of course." No *pour-boire* is expected, and if given, it is received with gratitude. The price for driving about is two francs the hour, their pace is generally good, and if the thoroughfare be crowded with pedestrians and the street more than usually dirty and narrow, then you may rely upon his going at full speed merely for the humour of the thing, and you'll have plenty of excitement for your money.

On our last morning we go to see the pictures and the statuary in the Vatican. We have no catalogue.

"Don't want one," says JOHNNIE. "All the names are on the things, (and I can make mums as I go along."

So, with big note-book and pencil, he walks through the galleries, as if the POPE had been sold up, and he, JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, were the man in possession taking an inventory of the plate, ornaments, and fixtures. "Look here!" he says, suddenly drawing my attention to a small bust in the Hall of Philosophers (and Muses). "Fancy this being SOCRATES!" Yes, fancy! "And yet," says JOHNNIE, "I seem to know the face. Yes. It's uncommonly like the bust of DARWIN in one of the Kensington Museums."

In the Sistine Chapel we see several tourists lying supinely at full length on the seats. "So irreverent, in a chapel, too! Just as if they were resting after a Turkish bath," says JOHNNIE. "Though," he adds, as he glances round, "it isn't much like a chapel to look at." No it is not. More like a decorated Concert Hall. We gradually become aware of the fact that the sprawling tourists are only deeply interested in the work of MICHAEL ANGELO on the ceiling, and have discovered that the only way of studying it satisfactorily is on their backs. JOHNNIE is tired, and pines for Monte Carlo. I rather think that a telegram which he receives on re-entering our hotel is a bogus one, only intended to give him a fair excuse for saying he must return at once "on business." As I must make the best of my way to London, I decide to accompany him, hoping for another opportunity of seeing Rome at my leisure, and having a month to do it in. We start.

Monte Carlo Revisited.—"Great attraction!! For one night only!!!" That is as far as I am concerned, only a day and a half and one night. Lovely weather. Beautiful N.E. wind. JOHNNIE, who has recovered his spirits, says jocosely, "Rather have had N.E. other wind. But better than Rome. One can breathe here," and he disappears into that unhealthy hot-house the Casino. At dinner, he tells me he has met a man who has been awfully lucky playing only on the thirties. That's his system. Meeting subsequently at Zeno's, JOHNNIE is looking weary and worn. Anything the matter? Yes, his system is upset. He wishes he had never met the man who told him about the "thirties." He will leave Monte Carlo with me to-morrow morning. After all, no place like London.

London.—Black Fog. Certainly no place like London. We lose sight of each other in the fog. JOHNNIE goes due East. I due South once more, only not farther than South Kent Coast. End of holiday.

## IN THE NAME OF THE PROFIT—POSTERS!

(A Story of next Budget.)

THERE had been roars of laughter in the House when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had referred to the proposed tax. "It was utterly ridiculous, it would never increase the revenue by a single penny." So said the greatest financiers of the day, but the Right Hon. Gentleman merely smiled and held his peace.

On the morning following the annual statement, a businesslike individual stood in front of the Chancellor's table, extracting drawings from a large carpet-bag for the Right Hon. Gentleman's edification.

"I think Sir," said the businesslike individual, "that this should prove attractive."

And then he unfolded an elaborate design, showing a *belle* of the last century (with a white wig and black patches) dancing a minuet with a *beau* in the costume of the same period.

"Is it bold enough?" asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, gazing earnestly at the picture.

"For a commencement certainly," replied his visitor, "you see we shall call attention to our *spécialité* in large letters underneath."

"As it is intended for the hoardings," observed the Chancellor, "I fancy it would have been wiser to have secured a design from the studio of Sir JOHN MILLAIS."

"You may be right," returned the other. "And now, Right Hon. Sir, I must say farewell, as these pictures must be distributed through the length and breadth of the land at once."

"I can rely upon you?" asked the Chancellor, earnestly.

"Until death!" was the answer—delivered from the hall, as the businesslike individual was already quickly taking his departure.

The next day the financier of the Government perambulated the streets stopping now and again to admire a magnificent picture of a minuet as danced in the last century. Then he caught cold and was ordered to the South of France for the sake of his health. He selected Monaco as his resting-place. Partly because of the extreme beauty of the locality, and partly because he had some business of a private character to transact in Monte Carlo. This private business at first engrossed his whole time, but after suffering a severe pecuniary reverse, he had leisure to attend to other things. It was then that he began to dip into the London papers and monthly magazines, that had followed him into his retirement. He found the picture of the minuet in many of them. Then he noticed another design. A well-known Judge had evidently had an accident while engaged in shaving. The engraving, however, was of a comforting character, for in it it was seen that the learned occupant of the Bench had applied to the cut a piece of adhesive plaster.

"This looks like business," murmured the Chancellor.

Having received a remittance sufficient in amount to defray the expenses of his passage home, the Right Hon. Gentleman was soon again in London. For the remainder of the year his financial duties detained him in Town, and during this period he was constantly passing and repassing the hoardings of the Metropolis.

"That is very good," he observed on one occasion, as he noticed a clever representation of HAROLD dying on the field of Hastings; while the shade of a gentleman in the garb of the Nineteenth Century sorrowfully hovered over him as he regretfully held up a large box labelled "invaluable for wounds." "It is striking and original! I really think my daring scheme will succeed."

Then his friends told him that they had also seen this touching tableau in foreign parts. One had met it in Italy, another on the Pyramids, a third in the Arctic Circle. And the time passed quickly, and once again the day arrived for the delivery of the Annual Financial Statement.

At the appointed hour the Right Hon. Gentleman was in his place. He rose from his seat with a smile of triumph on his lips.

"Sir," said he, addressing the Speaker of the House of Commons, "I know that I am required to find Millions to defray the expense attendant upon the entire rebuilding of London, the purchase money of pauperdom, the funds requisite for creating a fleet ten times as powerful as that we now possess, and many other matters of minor importance. Well, Sir—without adding a single penny to the present taxation—I can produce the cash. I have an ample surplus, sufficient to meet all requirements. And that surplus has been obtained by the slight impost I put twelve months ago upon sticking-plaster."

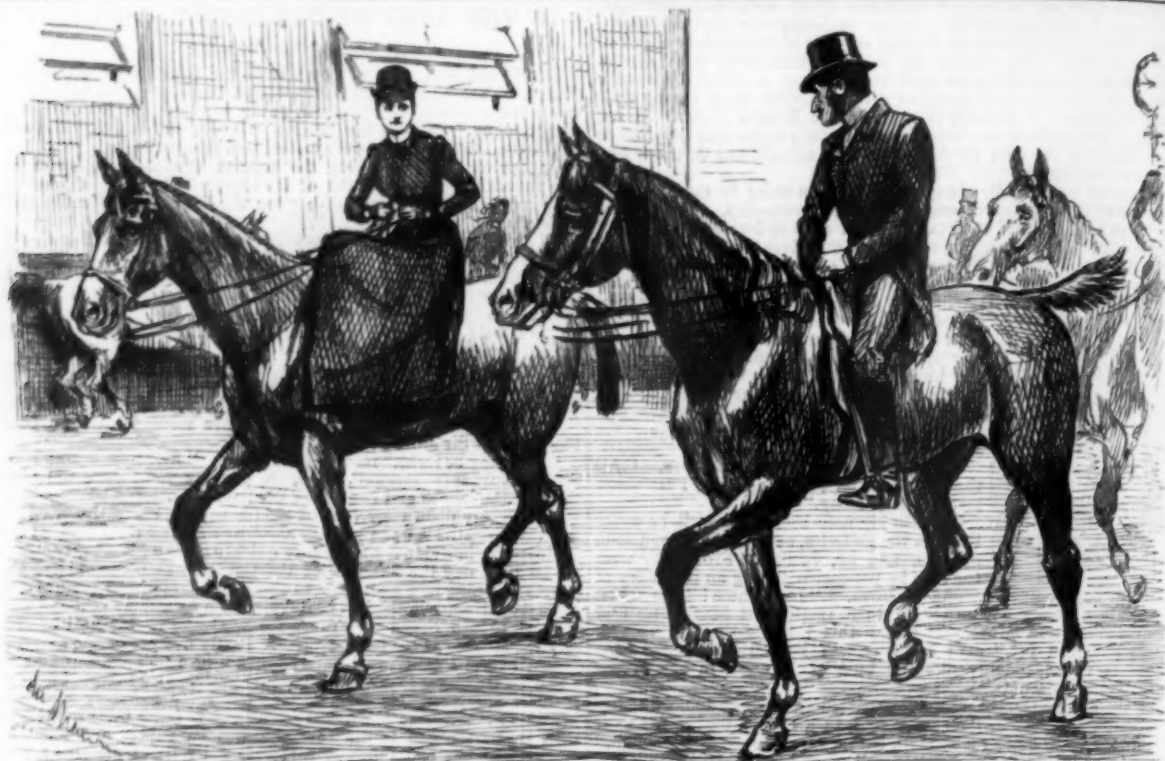
"Sticking-plaster!" cried the House of Commons *en masse*. "Sticking-plaster! How was it made so productive?"

The Right Hon. Gentleman smiled, and then in a voice trembling with patriotic emotion exclaimed, "Sticking-plaster has been puffed into its present satisfactory position by the energy of ambitious advertising!"

Then followed a mighty shout of exultation, as the House realised that England had once more been saved, and BRITANNIA would again rule the waves without adding anything extra to the Income Tax.



"Back again!"



## ENCOURAGEMENT.

"WHAT A PITY YOU DON'T HAVE LOOKING-GLASSES ALL ALONG THE WALLS—THEN ONE COULD SEE ONESELF AS ONE WENT ROUND, YOU KNOW."—"WHY, MISS, IF YOU WAS TO SEE YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS JUST NOW, YOU'D NEVER GIT ON A 'ORSE AGAIN!"

## THE FIRST WITNESS.

*Bill Sikes loquitor :—*

'ANG it all! I'm a man and a Briton,  
(Though given to bully and "bash"),  
And the bloomin' fine game they 'ave hit on  
Is giving me—me, mates!—the lash.  
Wot next? Where's the good o' belonging  
To England, the Land o' the Free,  
If with 'arsh inderscriminit thonging  
They brutalize Me?

Great Scott! It stirs up the fine feeling  
As burns in the breast of a "lag."  
Philantropists, though, will start squealing  
If that Cat's let out o' the bag.  
Thanks be! times is turned sentimental,  
(A state of affairs as I like),  
And some parties' love 's quite parental,  
To poor, ill-used SIKES.

To lash a cove's back 's degrading,  
Espeshully unto the cove.  
Lor', wot is the use o' perwading  
The Age with the Sperrit of Love,  
If, becos a chap uses his fists,  
An' runs jest a little bit wide,  
They ties up that chap by his wristes,  
And leathers his hide?

The Sperrit o' Love! That's my maxim;  
It's 'oly, and oily and nice.  
Who wants to hinqure? I'd jest ax him  
To step up, and take my advice.  
I knows my own 'art, I should 'ope, Sir;  
I knows wot'll soften it; that  
Is kindness and care and soft soap, Sir.—  
It isn't the Cat!

It puts a cove's back up, I tell yer,  
To feel the nine tails on its skin.  
Stop violence? Don't let 'em sell yer  
With any sech bosh. It's too thin.  
If I lands my wife one on the smeller,  
Flog! flog! shouts some idiots. Flog?  
Yah! There's nothink like Catting a feller—  
To make him a dog!

'Cos women is dashed aggravating,  
And 'cos some old parties won't "part"  
Without 'aving a bit of a slating,  
They wants for to 'arden my 'art  
By getting some brute of a warder  
To wale my poor back till I 'owl.  
No, gents, if yer wants Lor and Horder  
Yer mustn't 'it foul.

Am I not a man and a brother,  
As well as a Nig. or a Pat?  
Jest wouldn't they kick up a bother  
If BALFOUR gave "Carders" the Cat?  
If I bash a woman, or Bobby,  
Or riddle a Copper with shot,  
The Lash-lovers mount their old hobby,  
I tell yer it's rot!

No, gents; if yer'd put down garotting,  
Wife-kicking, and trifles like that,  
Or stop the new game, Peeler-potting,  
For 'Evin's sake, don't try the Cat!  
It's obselete, gents, like the gallows;  
Our kyind Christian times it won't suit.  
It'll turn warder's 'arts cold and callous,  
And make Me a Brute!

*[Left mivelling.]*

"QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY."—HENRY AND ELLEN have been invited to play before the QUEEN.

## TELEPHONIC TALK;

*Or, What We may Expect,*

How delightful of the Authorities to have opened telephonic communication to the public, and to have installed a *bureau* for conversational purposes at every Post-office in the United Kingdom.

It is so immensely convenient, and saves one such infinite time and trouble, to be able just to step across the way and communicate directly with one's doctor, lawyer, man of business, or any friend at a minute's notice.

Dear me, the office seems to me to be somewhat inconveniently crowded. This old lady assures me that she has been waiting three hours and a half but hasn't yet been "switched on" to her solicitor.

At last I have secured an instrument! and have explained what I want to my house agent.

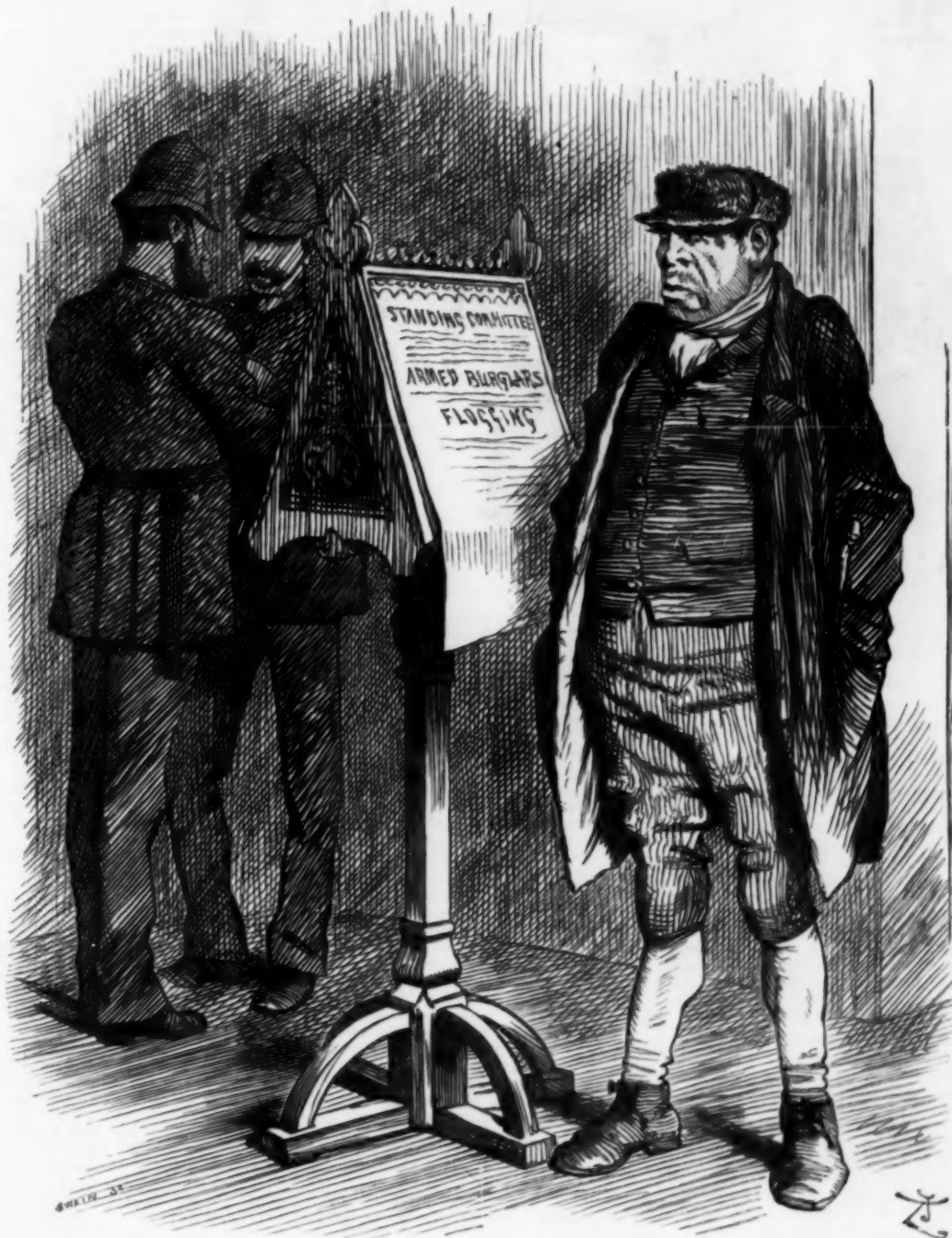
I do wish the invalid old gentleman next to me, who is communicating with his doctor, would not bawl out all his symptoms at the top of his voice.

Why, what is this? There surely must be some mistake. It can't be my house agent who is telling me just "to keep where I am," and he'll soon "drive over in a four-wheeler and do for me with a red-hot poker." This must certainly be the reply from the escaped lunatic of whom that middle-aged gentleman has been making inquiries respecting the recent Shoreditch murder.

Ha! The clerk in charge of the apparatus admits that the connections may have possibly got a little "mixed."

The earnest pleading, though, with which that young man is making an offer of his





### THE FIRST WITNESS.

*(Before the Standing Committee on the Larceny Act (1861) Amendment (Use of Firearms) Bill.)*

BILL SIKES (*Injured Innocent*). "'CAT' BE BLOW'D!" (*Pause.*) "'P-O-ON MY WORD!—DO THEY WANT TO MAKE A BRUTE O' ME?"



hand and his heart to the damsel of his choice is extremely simple and touching.

Judging, however, from the consternation depicted on the face of that bustling stockbroker, it is he, and not the young man, who must have received her encouraging reply.

Ha! perhaps this is the answer from my house agent! No. Disappointed again. It is only the doctor's prescription and advice for the invalid old gentleman!

On the whole, I think I will wait to have recourse to the telephone, till the "switching on" works a trifle better and the connections are in rather more reliable order.

### PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

*A Surrey Cricketer's April Song.*

ONCE more the wintry fogs take wing and pass,  
Once more spring sunshine greens the sprouting grass;  
The cricket-bag is taken from the wall,  
The hopeful smiter eyes his well-kept ball,  
And his prophetic fancy fondly fixes  
On leather-flogging "fours" and spanking "sixes."  
GRACE once again for practice rears the stumps,  
Carefully "places," muscularly thumps.  
Young willow-wielders in the sporting news bury  
Their noses, seeking "notes" on READ and SHREWSBURY,  
The prospects of respective cricket "pots,"  
The rival hopes of Surrey and of Notts.  
But on the Surrey turf no more shall stand,  
With firm-placed feet, keen eye, and steady hand,  
Sturdy "Young Stonewall," Chief of Surrey's joys,  
Long since, one of the much praised "Surrey boys,"  
Ere Surrey's star had risen as of late,  
He has succumbed to the decree of fate.  
No more with stolid care to "take his block,"  
No more loose bowling o'er the field to knock;  
No more, with HUMPHREY, to run up the score  
With safety to a "century" or more  
Ere the first parting came, and "Tom" or "HARRY"  
To the pavilion back his bat would carry.  
Lovers of "Good Old Surrey," when you crowd  
Next to our dear old Oval, and are loud  
In praise of "WALTER's" skill or ABEL's "go,"  
Or tireless LOHMANN's scattering of the foe;  
Cast back a kindly thought o'er twenty years;  
Think of the time when the wide circle's cheers  
Rose as the score-board showed "Two hundred up"  
With One-Two-Six, not out, to—HARRY JUPP!

A POPULAR CONCERT.—That between the Conservative and Liberal Unionists at Birmingham.

### THE CHAUNT OF THE CHANCELLOR.

*Mr. Goschen sings:—*

'Tis hard indeed for the Exchequer  
To keep up its financial pecker,  
When so much to its loss and hurt is meant  
By tricks of trade and loud Advertisement.  
They've found, for instance—dodge unholy!  
Tobacco that will smoke more slowly  
Than do old "Birdseyes," and old "Shags,"  
And that depletes my Money Bags.  
Smokers, in your cheap opiate heaven, you  
Forget how you pull down the Revenue.  
Fast-smoking Baccys now men can't sell, or  
Will not, so Pity a poor Chancellor!  
I trust, my dear "consuming classes,"  
You like slow whiffs, but you are asses.  
If possible you fondly judge it  
To smoke cheap and not spoil my Budget.  
Coffee again! Confound the berry!  
*Coffee won't more!* Ah, you are merry,  
But I don't feel like "Lika Joko."  
It's all along of puffed-up Cocoa,  
And Advertising arts sensational;  
I call the rascals anti-national.  
"Grateful and comforting?" Fiddle-de-dee!  
It is not comforting to me!  
"Coffee is dull." Why don't the roasters  
Go in for big and flaming posters?  
But no, that's not to be expected.  
The berry's foolishly neglected  
It's berry sad! (Excuse the pun, I  
Must make finance a little funny

Just to keep up my reputation  
As the first joker in the nation.)  
Then tea again is disappointing  
My Budget plans still more disjoining.  
Those who like strong tea, and are stingy,  
Go in for the cheap brands from "Ingy."  
In place of Souchong and of Pekoe.  
My tax on Pommery and Clicquot  
Has answered—tribute to my nous!—and  
Realised eight and thirty thousand  
More than the estimate! Still nathless  
It doesn't leave the Exchequer scathless.  
If people, in a style provoking  
Will have cheap drinking and slow smoking,  
A Chancellor will be more puzzled  
Than when they freely puffed and guzzled;  
And they must give him what he axes  
In little compensating Taxes.

### LAW COURT-ESY.

SIR,—The treatment which Jurors receive in this so-called enlightened country is even worse than your Correspondent "LOCKED UP FOR TWO DAYS" represents. His experience of ten years ago is, no doubt, interesting to the public, however painful it may have been to himself. But I can supplement it with an account of the really barbarous ill-usage to which I and eleven other respectable citizens were subjected only last week. At lunch-time we were conducted to an apartment where we were actually invited to regale ourselves with a repast consisting of chops and potatoes (the

latter half-boiled), bread and cheese, and beer! No champagne! No side-dishes! Even whiskey and water was declared by the attendant (whose demeanour when I asked for that beverage was quite offensive) to be "not allowed by their Lordships." Comment is needless. I can only say that I refused to attend to a word of the summing-up, and deliberately convicted a prisoner, who I have every reason to believe was as innocent as  
Yours indignantly, A BRITISH SLAVE.

SIR,—I should like to say that, as a Jurymen, I don't see the use of Judges. They make trials much longer, by their summings-up, and simply confuse us. Then I think that counsel on both sides could advantageously be dispensed with. What is the good of summoning a Jury and then not giving them full powers? Just leave us alone with Plaintiff and Defendant, and the matter in dispute will soon be settled; I may say, squared.

Yours, MAN OF BUSINESS.

SIR,—Jurors are the greatest idiots in the world. I always tried to keep them out of my Court; and when they were forced upon me, I used to show them what I thought of them. They fortunately were unable to retaliate by explaining what they thought of me. I have the satisfaction of remembering that a Foreman who once asked a judge to "cut his remarks short" had to pay a fine of Five Pounds for his lack of appreciation of the judge's judicial abilities. YOUR HONOUR.



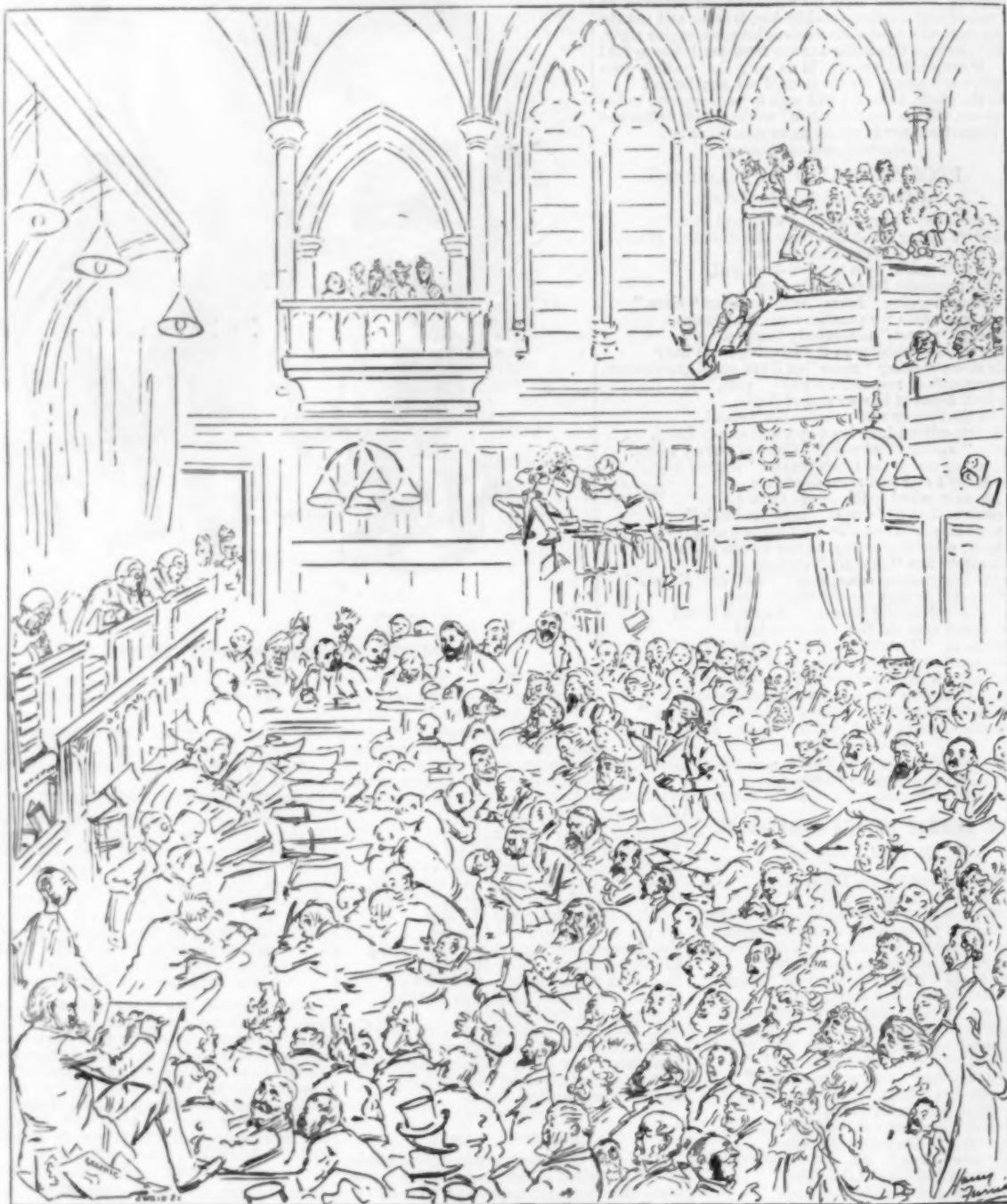
### A MERE HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.

*Mister Beer.* "I SAY, LORD CHAMPAGNE, HERE'S SOMETHING NASTY DR. GOSCHEN'S GIVEN ME TO TAKE!—AND IT'S OUT OF DR. GLADSTONE'S OLD PRESCRIPTION. I REMEMBER IT. UGH!"

*Lord Champagne.* "MY DEAR SIR, THAT'S NOTHING. DR. GOSCHEN PRESCRIBED FOR MY CONSUMPTION LAST YEAR, AND MY PHYSICAL CONDITION HAS IMPROVED WONDERFULLY. YOU'LL HARDLY KNOW YOU'VE TAKEN IT, AND THE RESULTS WILL BE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY, I'M SURE."



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 66.



## THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

*Rough Sketch made by Mr. Punch's Special Artist in a Fog.*

## Consolation.

THOUGH BARON DE WORMS is quite sweet on the terms  
Of his Sugar Convention, some folks are demurring.  
It may stir up strife while discussion is rife;  
But then Sugar is never much good *without stirring*.

## Aries and Taurus. (By a Pathriot.)

OH sure, but the claim of the Saxon to rule us  
Is proved by this token a fraud and a sham.  
He may chate, and coerse us, and blight and befule us,  
But BULL can't git on widout aid from the Ram!



"NO RINT!"

SAXON SUBSCRIBER (TO AN IRISH "FISHERY") READS NOTICE-BOARD! TABLEAU!

### IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

*The Emperor of Germany.*—Rules of the new Imperial "Peace-Game" quite lately introduced at Berlin.

*The Shah.*—A Cook's circular Tourist's Ticket, including second-class hotel accommodation for himself and a select Court suite of sixty followers, in lieu of the usual provision for their entertainment at the leading Royal and Imperial Palaces of Europe.

*General Boulanger.*—An entirely new and original Variety Entertainment, with various dress-disguises complete, for the purpose of recreating and astonishing the Parisian public, pending the progress of the forthcoming Exhibition.

*King Milan.*—A Jerusalem "pony," and bunch of the local artichokes, presented to him by the leading "Orthodox" ecclesiastics on the occasion of his approaching visit to Palestine.

*Sir E. J. Reed.*—A thorough show-up of Mr. WHITE's scheme for making good the existing deficiencies of the Navy.

*Mr. White.*—A crushing rejoinder to Sir E. J. REED's reckless and inconclusive criticism.

*Duke of Nassau.*—Shilling Handbook to the Management of a New Duchy and Minor Potentates' Guide. (New Edition, with French Notes.)

*Sultan of Zanzibar.*—Small Dictionary of Elementary Diplomatic Phrases for use in negotiations with the officials of the German East African Company.

*Mr. Raikes.*—Thanks of the British public penned to him on one of his own promised new halfpenny post-cards, which really costs only a half-penny.

*Prince Bismarck.*—Prize Popular Lecture on the "Dangers and Difficulties of Colonisation," assisted with Magic Lantern slides powerfully illustrating some recent German experiences.

*Captain Aitchinoff.*—Apology from the French Naval Commander in the Red Sea, and a cheque for the alleged missing 45,000 roubles.

*Mr. John Albert Bright.*—New set of Elastic Principles for occasional use when addressing his Tory constituents.

*Lord Charles Bessford.*—Presentation Pamphlet, entitled, *One Hundred Ways of Knocking an Enemy's Battle-Ship into a Cocked Hat*, with copious illustrations.

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—Prize for the discovery of the secret of how to make up the deficiencies of the Budget, without clapping an extra penny on the Income Tax.

*Captain Kane (of the Calliope).*—A step up, and good service medal for having, by his pluck and judgment rescued his crew and ship from disaster in the recent hurricane off Samoa.

*Lady Sandhurst.*—A short and not obscure Act of Parliament asserting her equal eligibility with members of the "male sex" to the post of a London County Councillor.

*Mr. W. H. Smith.*—Prize Penny Novelette entitled, *The Advantages of Eminent Respectability; or, the Story of the good Mediocre Statesman who always endeavoured to do his Duty.*

*Mr. Balfour.*—A few more coercive moves for the irritation of the Irish Party.

*And the Irish Party.*—A fresh crop of curses to be hurled at the head of Mr. BALFOUR.

### EXTREMES MEET.

[A Correspondent ("C."), writing to the *Morning Post*, suggests that Mr. H. M. STANLEY's account of the "venemous, cowardly, and thievish" dwarfs found in the Congo region, is a confirmation of HERODOTUS.]

ATHWART two thousand years you smile and nod at us,

"Good old" HERODOTUS;  
Through some months' mista we see your figure manly,

Intrepid STANLEY;  
But, youthful Yank and aged Sire of History,  
The Land of Mystery  
Links you in secular bonds inseparable.

Fact bears out "Fable,"  
Halicarnassian credulous and chatty,  
STANLEY's Wambatti,

Told of in your old time, would have been  
And coldly flouted [scouted]  
As figments of some wild extravaganza.

But the Nyanza  
Is near to us to-day, like Nile and Congo.

Scarce can we wrong go,  
So-deemed inventor of the Traveller's  
"thumper,"

In brimming bumper  
To Afric's earliest limner and its latest;  
And though thou datest

Twenty-three centuries ago, or thereabout,  
Thou wouldst not care about  
That trifle, who didst scribble that men's

Their feats and factions, [actions,  
"Might not by time be all effaced." Dear  
Let no goose-gabbler [babbler,  
Of a too sapient pundit perk proboscis

If PUNCHUS tooses  
A brimmer to two travellers wise and manly,  
"HERODOTUS and STANLEY!!!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 15.—Man a curious mixture. Here's HOWARD VINCENT, who goes in for Protection wherever British goods are concerned, dead against Protection when London thoroughfares are in question. Before County Council was, HOWARD VINCENT started agitation against relics of feudalism in form of chains, gates, and watch-towers in so-called private thoroughfares situate in heart of Metropolis. Up to-night with question about Birdcage Walk. Why should this broad convenient thoroughfare, made with public money, be closed to bulk of traffic, driving it into already overcrowded Victoria Street?



"Here's Howard Vincent," and robbing the Brewers. Constitution Hill would have gone next, and there would be hardly any barrier left between East and West."

GOSCHEN'S Budget suspiciously cheered from Opposition Benches. Conservatives at glum, only Truthful JAMES opening his lips to point moral of the approval. A small House, Members making holiday before the sun shone. GLADSTONE set example by posting off to Hawarden. Another Grand Old Man in Peers' Gallery listening to his sixty-third Budget Speech.

"Going already?" I asked him, as he passed out after GOSCHEN had been under weigh an hour.

"Yes," said Lord COTTESLOE, "think this will do me to be going on with. Getting up in years, you know; ninety-two this year—GLADSTONE a mere chicken."

"But you're looking pretty well. How do you manage it?"

"Budgets, TOBY, dear boy, Budgets," he whispered in my ear. "Man and boy, I've lived on 'em for sixty year. Tell you the infallible secret of life: begin early on Budgets; always be in your place in Commons when Budget comes on; stands to reason that if you do this for sixty-three years in succession you're bound to live to pretty old age. Medical nostrums all very well, but the elixir of life is a Budget Speech." Business done.—Budget explained.

Tuesday.—House met to-day to adjourn for Easter Recess. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, who manages these things, got us two extra days' holiday. Last Thursday, in interview with AKERS-DOUGLAS, undertook that if holidays were extended to 29th inst., votes in Class I. of Civil Service Estimates should be agreed to. AKERS-DOUGLAS mentioned matter to OLD MORALITY. OLD MORALITY showed disposition to bargain; said two or three votes in Class II. should be thrown in. SAGE shook his head; couldn't be done; Votes very scarce to-day; had really offered as much as could be fairly expected. OLD MORALITY at last gave way; votes in Class I. agreed to right off, and announcement made that holidays would be extended. That's the way we do business in House of Commons. Find nothing about this in Parliamentary Reports; but it's literally true.

Might fancy boys be in high spirits on eve of holiday. But never know where you have them. Here's WILFRID LAWSON with his knuckles in his eyes trying to squeeze out tear.



"I think I'll go home!"

"Please, Sir," he whimpers, "can't we see the battering-ram during the holidays?"

SPEAKER looks at BALFOUR. BALFOUR not sure. Wouldn't like to answer important question like that off hand. So at six o'clock, when still full hour to work at Votes in Supply, progress is moved, the battering-ram brought in, and the boys joyfully swarmed round it. Time for talk strictly limited; but Windbag SEXTON bags three-fifths of it. Towards close of oration discovers Chief Secretary yawning; terribly angry; fumes and frots, holds him up to execration of mankind.

"If a man mayn't yawn when Windbag SEXTON comes up to occupy very last moments of a sitting," said C. P. VILLIERS, "freedom is a mockery. I think I'll go home." He went; and so, at seven o'clock, did all of us.

Business done.—House adjourned till 29th April.

## POSTERITY ON THE PIPES.

(By Our Anti-Scotch Seer.)

[It is said that the strains of the bagpipe are being preserved by the phonograph for the benefit of posterity.]

TOM, TOM, the piper's son,  
Preserved the "drone"—what fiendish fun!—  
In that foe of music, the phonograph,  
That Posterity, pleased, might listen and laugh.  
Posterity came, in its time, and heard  
The gruesome row as it groaned and ghir-r-r-ed;  
And it rose in wrath, and it fiercely smote  
That phonograph, that never a note  
Could come from the box, or little or big;  
For Posterity said, "'Tis the squeak of the Pig  
That TOM the Piper's son stole in his time,  
As told in the ancient nursery rhyme.  
TOM was whipt for the theft, and it served him right;  
But our verdict is that the sin was slight  
Of stealing that pig with the curly tail,  
Compared with the crime of preserving his wail!

## "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

1890.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows to the London County Council. Large grants of money made to Curates and Junior Physicians. Establishment of a College for Cats, Canaries, and Pug Dogs. Scheme of Metropolitan Improvements providing reservoirs of perfume for fountains in Trafalgar Square, and gratuitous distribution of sunshades on the Thames Embankment, carried by a large female majority. Five-o'clock Tea introduced at the Meetings of the Council.

1891.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows into Parliament. Heavy tax imposed on latchkeys and cigars. Bill introduced for closing all Clubs at 9:30 P.M., and prohibiting smoking therein. General Election.—Return of immense majority of female Candidates. First female Ministry.

1892.—Queen's Speech promises admission of females into Army, Navy, and Bar. Measure embodying above proposals carried by substantial majorities. Lady Chancellor introduces Bill for Abolition of Male Judges, and the substitution of Judgesesses, which passes through all its stages with immense enthusiasm. Collapse of the Judicial System and Emigration of the entire (male) Legal Profession to China and the more remote colonies. A difficulty having been found in obtaining female sailors, abolition of the Navy. The Army Estimates are introduced, and provide only for lady orchestras. Swords, cannon, and rifles, are ordered to be sold to the North American Indians and other savage races.

1893.—Treaty with France to regard England as the most favoured nation so far as the Paris Fashions are concerned. Measures passed for the extermination of mice, black-beetles, and barking dogs. Male M.P.'s abolished. Overthrow of the Ministry on the question of giving a Fancy Dress Ball in the House of Commons. General Election, when the Blue-Stocking Party is returned with a large majority. Lessons in dancing prohibited, and the universal wearing of spectacles rendered compulsory.

1894.—Men expelled from the Empire. Marriage declared a felony, and Single Blessedness proclaimed the first Law of Women.

1950.—Death of the surviving inhabitant of London, and final collapse of the British Empire.

## Froude's Novel.

'BOUT FROUDE there is no mystery | His fiction's full of history,  
He writes without restriction, | His history full of fiction.

CUM GRANO.—It is generally understood that even should "Sale of Grain by Weight" be established, the Government have no present intention of securing the exclusive services of a popular Entertainer.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.





**ELEVEN YEARS OLD.**

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland Small Stills.

52s. the Gall.  
50s. the Dozen.  
Cash only.

**RICH. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
24 and 26, MARK ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.,  
late of Albany St., N.W.

Agents for India:—CUTLER, PALMER, & CO.  
A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent post free  
to any address on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

**KINAHAN'S** "THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES."  
PURE, MILD, AND DELICIOUS AND MOST WHOLESOME.

THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.  
24, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.



**J. EXSHAW & CO.'S**  
FINEST OLD BRANDY.  
6s. per doz. in Cases as imported.  
T. W. STAPLETON & CO., 309, Regent Street, W.

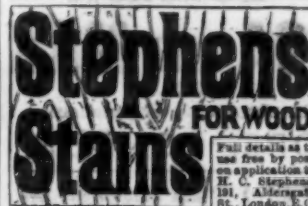
# FRY'S PURE COCOA

CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE

"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.



**LINCROSTA-WALTON.**  
The best Wall-Hanging Material. Artistic, Imperishable, Sanitary. Unequalled for Dadoes, Fillings, Friezes, Ceilings, Panels, &c. Show Rooms: FRANK WALTON & CO., Ltd., 2, Newman Street, W. Beware of Imitations.



**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS**  
Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.

**MAPPIN & WEBB'S**  
HOLLOW GROUND



**SHEFFIELD RAZORS.**  
Post Free from 155, Oxford Street, W., and 18, Fenchurch, E.C., London, or from the Manufactory, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.  
In Case Complete.  
Black Handle ..... 4s. 6d.  
Ivory Handle ..... 5s. 6d.  
Far superior to all Foreign made Razors.

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**  
The lovely nuance of "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **HAIR**. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 6s. 6d. per box. For tinting grey or faded Hair **HAIR** is invaluable.

"The most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."—Ben Jonson.  
**P LLOYD'S & O**  
THE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT  
**SMOKING MIXTURE.**  
At all Tobacconists and Stores. In PACKETS only.  
P. LLOYD AND SONS, HOLBORN HALLS, E.C.

**THE HEALTHIEST CLOTHING FOR MEN, WOMEN, & CHILDREN**



The Cellular Clothing is Hygienic, Economical, & Comfortable.  
A full selection of all Cellular Garments on view at OLIVER BROS., 417, Oxford St., W., and A. G. LAWHON & CO., 58, Edgware Rd., W., who will send a sample garment post free on receipt of remittance. The article will be exchanged, or money returned, if not approved of.  
Wholesale only: THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO., Ltd., 78, Aldermanbury, E.C.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

"The Hon. Surgeon to his EXCELLENCY THE Viceroy of INDIA prescribes 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' largely, and speaks highly of its efficacy in skin affections, &c. On this account we wrote asking if you could supply the Mixture for dispensing purposes."—Letter from A. JONES & Co., Druggists, &c., Agra, India, June 12th, 1888.

# CLARKE'S

## WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

### THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."—ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

"A most wonderful case of the efficacy of your medicine has transpired here, to which, really, if not knowing the fact, I was not prepared to give credence. A gentleman of great wealth and of almost world-wide fame and renown, staying here for a time, was dreadfully affected with an unsightly, disagreeable, itching eruption, and—as he described it—general bone pain. He consulted the most eminent medical men in the province, and, ultimately, Sir J. Paget, of London, who designated it 'Gout and its Consequences.' He found no relief from anything. Some poor woman recommended your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' He was strongly averse to quackery, as he termed it, but, backed by my recommendation, he was induced to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and the first bottle—as it were a charm—relieved the heat and itching, and a regular persistence and continuance for a short time has well-nigh worked a miracle. The bottle has just been in, and says how delighted and grateful his master is, and also soundered at such a change. He is now able to get about and travel as usual. I wish he could be prevailed upon to give a testimonial. His name and the patent fact would be priceless."

"Yours truly, J. WILLAMSON,  
"Dispensing and Analytical Chemist, Scarborough."

**ASK FOR CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE, AND DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE AN IMITATION.**

"Just a few lines to let you know what 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' and Salve has done for me. For 13 months I had large ulcerated sores on my left leg, during which time I spent pounds in various medicines, which did me no good. After coming to Aldershot, I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Before I had taken one small bottle I found my leg getting better. I have now taken five small bottles of Mixture and used four pots of your Salve, and my leg is perfectly healed."

"Yours, &c., H. DEXLEY,  
"Colour Sergeant, 1st Devon Regiment, Aldershot, April 4th, 1881.  
"P.S.—I purchased your medicine from Allen & Lloyd, chemists, Aldershot."

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains. It removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. each; and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the World; or sent to any address on receipt of 3s or 13s stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG CO., LINCOLN. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

# SAMUEL BROTHERS.

## SCHOOL OUTFITS.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS respectfully invite an inspection of their Show Rooms by Parents and Guardians who are desirous of Outfitting their Juvenile charges for any of the Public or Private Colleges, Schools, &c. The requirements of Youths and Boys have for very many years engaged the closest attention of Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS, with the result that this important department of their business has attained very large dimensions, so that every want in Hats, Overcoats, Hosiery, Boots, &c., is fully met, and durable qualities ensured. The Firm are the originators and sole proprietors of a special material, styled the "WEAR-RESISTING FABRIC" (Regd.), that has been manufactured to withstand the hard wear given by Boys and Youths to their school and every-day dress.

## SPRING OUTFITS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS are now displaying a choice assortment of New Spring Materials. The selection includes Black, Blue, or Grey Cashmeres, Twills, Diagonals, Vicunas, Elastic, Worsted, &c.; all these textures being respectively in demand for Dress, Visiting, or best wear. For Morning and ordinary use a choice selection of English, Scotch, and Irish Tweeds are open to inspection. (Scotch and Irish Homespuns, Cheviots, Bannockburn, Harris Tweeds, &c.)

CATALOGUE AND PATTERNS FREE.

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



CAUTION.—Other and inferior makes of WOVEN LADDER WERE are now being sold. The ORIGINAL and best has the name CARB'S stamped on ONE rung strap in every cord. Ask for CARB'S STAMPED LADDER WERE, and see that the name is there.

## CONCENTRATED

## PEPTONIZED

DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.  
NO DIGESTION NEEDED.  
MOST NUTRITIOUS.

Gold Medal, 1884.

FOR INVALIDS, DELICATE CHILDREN,  
AND  
ALL OF WEAK DIGESTION.

## COCOA AND MILK

(PATENT).

Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each, obtainable everywhere.

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

## RANSOMES' "NEW AUTOMATON" AND LAWN MOWERS

ARE THE BEST. MONTH'S FREE TRIAL. CARRIAGE PAID.  
RANSOMES, SIMS & JEFFERIES, LD., IPSWICH.

## MILWARDS' NEEDLES.

CALYX EYED  
Observe the name CALYX-EYED, and take none other.  
WASHFORD MILLS, REDDITCH.

## ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.  
"The Queen" (the Lady's Newspaper) "is in the habit of recommending it."  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.  
Manufacturers—SHEFFIELD.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'  
UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTES  
Prices from 60 Guineas upwards. JAMES BRINSMEAD & SONS, Pianoforte Makers by Special Appointment to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore St., W. 1 only free.

TO

# ASPINALL'S ENAMEL,

LONDON, S.E.

# JOHN GOSWOLD

ONE MILLION THANKS.

Yours truly, His Mark  
(Signed) ATLAS.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL is Brilliant and Durable as Marble, is made in all Colours and Shades, and is a welcome renovator and beautifier of everything. Transforms Furniture, Wicker, Glassware, Metal Work, &c., &c. N.B.—Faded Articles can be made into lovely ornaments. Try it. You will be more than pleased. No other Enamel possesses such a lightness and beauty of tone.

REJECT POISONOUS IMITATIONS. ASPINALL'S IS SAFE AND CLEANLY. See you get ASPINALL'S. Sold at all respectable Shops and Stores, Tins, 3s. and 1s. 6d., Post Free; for Baths, 3s. 6d. and 1s. 9d., Post Free; or from ASPINALL'S ENAMEL WORKS, London, S.E. 25 TINT CARDS, showing over 100 Colours and Shades, gratis and post free.